

would furnish forty millions of gallons, which might be brought to London, at a hardness not exceeding one degree, and that he would answer for at least ten millions more under two degrees of hardness.

At Sandgate, we may take the opportunity to say, this mode of supply has been resorted to under the Public Health Act. Tile drains have been spread beneath a sufficient extent of surface of the nearest hill top, to collect the water falling upon the hill, after it has fallen through a few feet of the upper stratum, instead of taking it in the valley or from the river, after it has washed a considerable extent of surface, and brought with it the collected impurities. At Sandgate there was no surface or stratum of sand or rock of primitive formation for the collecting ground, and the best available hill surface, therefore, has been used; and the water yielded by the new works is described as a soft water of only seven degrees of hardness, undoubtedly a great improvement on the water in the stream, and a most important relief from the necessity of having recourse to the water in the wells. The water is now collected immediately beneath the surface, as it were in artificial shallow springs; is led, not to open reservoirs, but to covered tanks in the hill side, and thence, not by an intermittent supply to open butts or cisterns, amidst the houses, but carried in a constant supply into every house.

We repeat our first statement: the question of water-supply for London is not settled; but it should be, forthwith, before the various water companies spend more money under their increased powers. London ought not to be satisfied with anything short of the most copious and economical constant supply of the best and most saving water that modern knowledge and science can supply.

ST. PAUL'S. No. III.

MECHANISM OF THE DECORATION.

SUPPOSING it, then, intelligibly used, and rightly lighted, we proceed to the ornament; and let us first distinctly understand what we mean by a scheme or design for this work. Does it mean a pattern for the whole, such as we give for those ordinary works where the architect is or stands for the sole designer, the supplier of all the thought, leaving nothing to be done but what machinery can do? Not only would such a pattern (for it might still leave the real work of design untouched after all)—not only would it, to be really worthy the building and purpose, require a lifetime to develop, but it would, if developed, destroy, as I conceive, the whole charm and distinctive character of a Christian temple. By a temple, observe, I do not mean simply a church or oratory, but something more;—not merely a house of prayer and preaching, but also of praise;—and first let me point out this difference.

For praying and preaching in then, I imagine that four brick walls and a weathertight roof, with no more thought for appearance or "appearances" than we give to a pigsty, or the unseen parts of a palace,—nothing either for beauty or for gentility,—no work either for love of the thing, or for fear of looking as poor as we are,—nothing to express either our delight in and respect for the work, or the respectability of our purse,—nothing either graced with unnecessary finish, or disguised with counterfeit wealth-marks;—I think that such a praying and preaching house would be just as proper, and answer these ends as well as any cathedral; and infinitely better than the most genteel Quaker chapel, smothered in its full compliment of head-and-flush dachos, reader float and set, &c. &c.; or the most "correct" and incomprehensible of our present toy churches, smothered in its full compliment of

mimic buttresses, mimic mullions, and mimic gables. I see not a pin to choose between the two latter, between the joiners' and plasterers' sham proprieties, or the architects'. The buildings without either, the real cathedral and the real barn, appear to me (if praying and preaching were their only ends) both exactly equal,—equally fit and right;—the modern Gothicism and the Wesleyan "barn," equally and beyond all other conceivable buildings, unfit, indecent, and wrong. But then, prayer and preaching are not the whole of the service; and supposing we could get this real barn, how should we stand up and sing, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth," when everything around shows it has not even the marks of love and honour I bestow on my walking-stick or snuff-box? How could honest people be expected to say to Him, "How amiable are thy dwellings," when there was no appearance of anything about them being half so amiable as the meanest things about our own; or to sing, "Glory and honour are in His sanctuary," when His sanctuary is precisely the only thing among all our works receiving no glory or honour whatever.

I assume, then, that the end and scope of all church ornament is simply to enable those passages to be sung without hypocrisy; otherwise we had better strike them out of the psalter or the psalter out of the Prayer-book, like that most respectable people the Quakers, whose consistency is a pattern for us; for, having abandoned all things about their oratory not needed for material comfort, or genteel appearances, they have seen the necessity of abandoning psalm-singing too; their worship being far too spiritual for such outward manifestations and material sacrifices, though not for the full customary sacrifices to fashion; and far above giving its externals any marks of thought or care, though by no means above recommending them to the worshipper of Mammon and Mammon's image, respectability, by every the most respectable and unreasonable mark thereof that chance association ever created, or tradesman's modishness and mode-mongering ever turned to profitable account.

These polemics are not wide of the subject; but to return, it seems to me that if these psalms are to be sung in a church, it must, to avoid mockery, have beauty, splendour, and refinement at least as great, at least as costly, and at least as studied and cared for as that of the people's home. It seems that if, besides an oratory and preaching-room, it is also to be a house of praise, it must be itself a psalm,—a standing hymn, a perpetuated chorus of thanksgiving, in which all instruments, all talents, all abilities, all grades of art, all varieties of honest skill, may, without display and without discord or superfluity or waste, be called forth, each from that hand which God has blessed with it, from young men and maidens, from old men and children, from philosophers and stone-cutters, from poets and plasterers, from each a thank-offering in what each can give best—in money, in diligence, in handiwork, in thought, in each a little more than is bargained for—a thank-offering from great and little, so harmonised by the composer or architect as to be one without uniformity; conformed without loss of individuality; each one's thank-offering of each one's gift, yet a people's one offering of a people's manifold gifts. Such a temple was the Parthenon. It combined in one work every man's best work, that of Phidias and of the pavior.

But a Christian temple was yet more, yet a fuller chorus than this, inasmuch as it gathered up (though never with such perfect harmony) the voices not only of all conditions of men in one place at one time, but of a long series of ages. In this was the superiority of the new religion typified, that time divided not the harpers in one such great chorus, nor hindered those of widely distant ages from bearing common part in one of those marvellous embodied hymns. And such would we have this temple, yet more harmoniously tuned, more nearly approaching this idea of the mediæval temple than any of these minsters did—this temple, so unique, so seamless in its structure,

"that this, of all the cathedrals in the world" (as Alfred Bartholomew says), "by a special divine favour, was permitted to be the only one which, like the vesture of Christ, was ever wrought in one texture throughout." We would have its adornment like theirs, a still progressing work, a never-ending song, a joy of many generations, a thing that infant hands and the same hands grown gray may work upon and care for and love; a work on which artist nor nation may ever write *fecit*, but only as ancient artists wrote, *faciebat*—never incomplete, yet always admitting fuller completion, never hastened and never left off. For the shorter time a temple is in building and the longer in use the better; and one of its uses, its peculiar use, is to be decorated. While it is not being decorated it is not being used; i.e. not as a temple (and of all hard places to use as an oratory, a sham temple is the hardest). *Finish it that we may use it*, should be the cry while it is building; but *finish it off and have done with it* is the cry of laziness, narrowness, selfishness, most odious hypocrisy, the cry of an age wrapped up and blinded in counterfeits, thinking only under the base pretence of religion to get itself a sham monument, and use the piety of others to keep up its own pauper respectability and miserable self-glorification.

It follows, then, that in a real temple, though one mind must, no less than in other works, design or settle both the whole construction and the whole mechanical or structural decoration (as Wren has here done), yet must that more independent kind of decoration which we call ornament, that which may be put on or left off, and added to any extent at pleasure, be the work of many minds, though regulated by one. For there can be no real success in any work without an architect, and it is as true of architects as of generals, that they had better have one bad than two good ones. It must then have many, we hope very many, designers, but only one architect; and thus, what you want of him is not that pattern you would make for a ribbon or a will and call a design, but something far broader and larger. You want not a design for the works, but a design for the designs,—a well-considered master-foundation, on which every man may build his own work with his own stuff, be it gold, silver, stone, wood, or stubble,—a bond of unity to link them all and subordinate them to Wren's mighty physical foundation, and to one ruling subject,—a code to limit but also to suggest and call forth their variations, not a pattern to save the trouble of inventing any. Patterns of their chief varieties, indeed, he must provide—types to exemplify the rest—to fix their style, to fortify them with a barrier against fashion (for fashion and truth are utterly incompatible in these matters, always have been, and always must be, as I will prove elsewhere); and hence, that they may never be out of fashion, they must owe nothing of their acceptance to fashion, but be totally independent of it; they must be reasoned out and *seen to be right*, as well as agreed to; they must command not only a willing but an active obedience,—must be adapted and followed not for the sake of uniformity, but of truth.

I say, then, first, they must be subordinated to the whole and the chief subject, in everything, in spirit and meaning, in artistic treatment, in style, in physical material and manipulation, in every quality down to the lowest, the merest mechanism; and however needless such truisms might be to assert anywhere else under the sun, they are far from needless here, as we shall at once see on turning to the ghastly ulcers called monuments (which I thought it needless to say must disappear before anything be done). I do not speak of their spirit and character, because every one who does, now happily sees its deadly venom. The days that produced them, thank God! can never return. No one who thinks of the matter at all supposes the building can begin to be used or decorated till these basilisks are gone. Nothing can be done in their poisoned atmosphere that shall not have to be undone, so that it is needless to reason on anything done while they are tolerated; but what I here allude to is their exact contrariety to true ornament in every minor matter, even down to